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be still *on the way* to the ears of these sage collectors. The authors of the vaunted *Biographie Universelle* have no better ground of complacency. Indeed, of that work we must hold the great characteristic to be its intense, invidious nationality. A Du Guesclin or Turenne will be certain to be found in their pages, and the ground he covers, a match for any five great English captains. The aspiring Guises make twelve or fifteen articles at least, embracing a large portion of a volume. We have occasionally, after a vain chase elsewhere, alighted upon our object here. But these fortunate cases had ever the recommendation of being *Frenchmen*. Thus the leaders in the several risings of La Vendée, in the field-details — the most engaging portion by far of the revolutionary story — have justice done them in the *Biographie Universelle*, and only there. The collections, for the most part, do indeed duly record the first La Roche Jaquelein, as a sort of revived Sidney or Bayard. But it is almost a solitary exception, (unless, with one or two of them, Charette or Stofflet have found a place,) and he becomes, in a degree beyond historic justice, the central figure of that most romantic strife. But we are warned to close ; and no better *finale* to our article can there be, than the significant words in the “ Notes and Queries,” spoken of one of the strangest notorieties of the period touched upon a few sentences back,—“ He will have a place hereafter in some Biographical Dictionary ; of course *we mean, whenever one shall appear that is worthy of the name.*”

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- ART. III.—1. *Zaidee; a Romance.* Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. 1856.
2. *Tolla; a Tale of Modern Rome.* By EDMOND ABOUT. Boston: Whittemore, Niles, & Hall. 1856.
3. *Rachel Gray; a Tale founded on Fact.* By JULIA KAVANAGH. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1856.

THE works of popular novel-writers follow one another in such quick succession, that an immense amount of reading

is forced upon those who would keep up with the times in this branch of literature. It becomes therefore necessary, as a safeguard for the future, to examine with sharp scrutiny the claims put forth by every *débutant*. A word of praise given to a new author may be the means of unlocking innumerable writing-desks, which, but for that word, might have remained closed for ever. It is indeed, if we may judge from the heaps of novels on our table, only "*le premier pas qui coûte*." In accepting the first novel, we, as it were, grant a ticket of admission to the very field of battle ; it behooves us, therefore, to look well at every candidate, and to be sure that he will prove a stanch warrior. The time for "men of straw" is past. It having been once proved that a novel may, without losing its hold on the imagination, be something far higher than a sentimental love-tale, we feel that we have a right to insist upon receiving it in its best form.

With the romance which stands at the head of our list, we have a new claimant upon public favor. It is not difficult to trace a little youngness throughout the book. It shows itself sometimes pleasantly in freshness and keenness of perception, and a happy abandonment in description. In other instances it betrays itself in rawness and want of artistic skill in the development both of plot and character. With much that is pretty in the way of episode, many really admirable bits of scene-painting and a genial kindness of atmosphere, there is a want of definite aim and of force in the book as a whole. If we allow the beauty of disinterested affection to be its leading thought, we must quarrel with the exaggerated, school-girlish form it is suffered to take, and also with the perfect squareness with which the tangible reward of the sacrifice is arranged, or rather by which the whole effort is defeated and made useless, as well as senseless. The history of Zaidee's struggles to be a victim teach either no lesson at all, or else one which nobody ought to follow. A good degree of power is visible in the first cast of the characters, and several piquant touches induced us to form expectations which we were sorry to find disappointed. Some of the descriptions of nature are remarkably vivid and picturesque. The *dénouement* is decidedly hackneyed, and unworthy of the beginning. The author

who cannot dispose of his own *dramatis personæ* satisfactorily, fails in the very point where the public will least forgive the failure. Miss Oliphant needs to study mechanical details more carefully to make her story move freely ; and must take her lovable but foolish little heroine down from her lofty stilts, if she would make her walk the earth a graceful woman. We allude the more freely to these defects, because there is, in spite of them, so much of promise in "Zaidee," that we look for something by and by from its authoress, far beyond her actual accomplishment in this first work.

In "Tolla" we have a story quite in contrast with "Zaidee." It has produced a sensation, in some circles, far greater than its merit demands. It seems to have derived its fame chiefly from its being founded on facts, thereby possessing that mysterious interest which appertains to scandal and gossip. The characters are all commonplace, most of them disagreeable. A faint halo of pitying interest surrounds Tolla herself, partly, perhaps, because she is kept somewhat out of sight. Still, if we get provoked with Zaidee for her pertinacious endeavors to continue a victim, we are quite incensed with Tolla for not seeing through the vapid weakness and indolent selfishness of the stupid lover for whom she dies. The absurd helplessness of everybody who ought to do anything, is absolutely ludicrous. If the book be, as it pretends, "a picture of Roman society," Roman society is not worth painting. The flippant style of the author has a taking *nonchalance* about it which beguiles the reader over the pages, but which sober second-thought condemns, and which palls before we get to the end. The book belongs to a class which we feel sorry to see increased or perpetuated. It can be of no possible service to any one, and is hardly more of an addition to one's library than a pretty well got up report of an ordinary breach-of-promise suit.

"Rachel Gray" is another proof of the fatal facility with which some of our modern authors write. The success of "Nathalie" brought out in a surprisingly short time "Daisy Burns" and "Grace Lee," neither of them approaching their predecessor in merit. Now we have, from the same pen, "Rachel Gray," inferior to either. It may be considered all

the more a failure, since Miss Kavanagh has not succeeded in making an attractive fiction out of a fact, which, in its naked simplicity, is not without interest. It is simply not enough for a romance. Inasmuch as Rachel is not a victim of her own making, she is entitled to our sympathy; inasmuch too as she bears her discipline bravely, we ought to feel interested in her struggle; but we fear many who have commenced her story have never finished it, or have forgotten how it ended. It could have been told as well in two pages as in two hundred. Miss Kavanagh would do well to follow the example of Miss Bronte, one of the few authors who have had the good sense to refrain from writing until, as she so forcibly expressed it, they had "accumulated."* It required some heroism, and showed much true wisdom, in the author of "*Villette*," to hold her peace when all the world clamored for her to write. Quantity is no test of power, and diffuseness has grown to be a disease in the literary world. The inordinate desire of the public for new books has produced a fever among authors. The novelist, knowing his book will be pushed aside immediately by some newer one, and determining not to retire from the lists, sits down, too often, himself to write the later romance, which shall supersede, if it cannot rival, the earlier one. But in so doing, he strikes a blow at his own breast, and separates himself from those earnest and self-forgetful minds who labor for something higher than to gorge the pampered appetite of an undiscriminating public. There are still some who know it to be better to write one book, the concentration of ten years of thought and life, than to fill shelves with undigested and unworthy matter.

We have selected these three novels from the multitude about us, not because they individually call for an extended notice, but because they are types of prevalent fiction, and as such they serve well as a text on which we would enlarge. In speaking of them, we include all which bear a family like-

* Our own estimate of "*Rachel Gray*," as may have been inferred from a brief notice of it in our April number (p. 579), is much higher than that of our present contributor. We have not, however, deemed it expedient to mutilate an article, with every other opinion in which we fully accord.—ED.

ness to them,—their name is Legion. In regarding them as *insufficiencies*, we would make them suggest more perfect works. In examining their claims to stand among the novels of the age, we must not shrink from comparing them with the best which the age produces. If they fall by this standard, it may as well be early as late. In none of them do we discern the elements of greatness, the indications of immortality. In none is found the glowing, passionate life of Currer Bell's creations, the wonderful world-knowledge of Thackeray, the intense psychological insight of Hawthorne, or the healthful moral energy of Dickens. Our age is rich in novelists; we have a constellation in the zenith, and now, as in all time, the rush-lights must go out while the stars shine on. We propose to trace in brief the history of novels; for they, like men, have had a childhood and a youth preceding their present maturity.

In no branch of literature has a more radical change taken place, during the last seventy or eighty years, than in that which embraces the fictions which have satisfied the public taste at the time of their appearance, have wrought the work for which they were created, and claim to be ranked among the important utterances of each age. The contrast between the novels of our day and those which thrilled the hearts of our sentimental grandmothers and drew tears to the eyes of our heroic grandfathers, is as strongly marked as that between the plain black suits of the gentlemen in our ball-rooms, and the peach-bloom coats and silken breeches of those same ancestors of ours. Who weeps now over the harrowing griefs of Amanda Malvina, as set forth in "The Children of the Abbey," or can study the perplexities and delicate distresses of Sir Charles Grandison and his charming Harriet, without roars of laughter that would grate harshly upon the ears of the author?

The modern novel differs from the old-fashioned one in so many points, that hardly any similarity remains, save that which is implied and necessitated by the realm to which they appertain, and the allegiance which both owe to the imaginative faculty of their creators. They differ, not only in choice and arrangement of materials and agencies, but their motive

powers are totally unlike. The successful novel of the present day is strictly a work of art, amenable to all the laws of art. When tried by the rules of criticism, and tested by severe analysis, it must be able to prove that its conclusions follow fairly from its premises, to show that its effects proceed from sufficient causes. Too many liberties with probability are inadmissible for the purpose of bringing about the catastrophe. Artistic beauty of style must accompany the creation, development, and completion of the plot. Harmonious and dignified expression must follow powerful conception in the romance that would win and retain a strong hold upon the public taste. In this category are not included the popular ephemera of the day, which have a brilliant but short existence from causes independent of their intrinsic merit; but only those works of genius, which make the novel a medium for the promulgation of some great truth, involve some high teaching, or picture forth human nature with a master-hand. Neither would we degrade the public taste by confounding it with the ignorant admiration of the masses for that which dazzles with a meretricious glare, or feeds an appetite for sentimental horrors.

In the days when Richardson, Mrs. Radcliffe, and Miss Burney wrote romances which set the literary coteries of England in a blaze, there entered into the composition of a novel certain conventional ingredients which were made use of in each fiction. The genius of the author might display itself in the more or less skilful arrangement and management of these, but the most daring writer did not venture to disregard them. Incidents were his "main stock in trade"; it was only by a succession of startling events, by accidents and surprises, by secrets and discoveries,—by a series of *tableaux-vivans*, as it were,—that he could hope to keep alive the interest of the reader. The element of conversation was not made use of, as it now is, to light up and enliven the story, and to allow the characters to unfold their individuality through the medium of their own expression. In the old novels, the conversation was merely the narrative put into the mouth of a different person from time to time. Each individual told his own story for the edification of the rest, and thus

relieved the author from the task of unfolding it for himself. The narrator appears generally to be heard with more interest by his audience, than the life and spirit of his tale would warrant. No one can fail to perceive this great deficiency in the old-fashioned novel. The highest conversational effort rarely gets beyond a rhapsodical love-declaration, or a succession of stilted reflections and trite observations. Incident, as before said, was the pith of the whole matter,—development became, in consequence, merely a mechanical sequence of events.

The first ingredient in the old novel is a faultless heroine,—one whose transcendent loveliness and angelic perfections of body and mind, while they place her in some degree out of the pale of our sympathies, and far beyond the reach of our emulation, are to win for her the envy of all the other women in the book, and the loving persecution of every man who crosses her path. The author pours down on the head of this charming innocent all his vials of wrath, through the conventional three volumes, with the trifling exception of the last two pages, wherein she is, by some utterly unexpected turn in the tide of her affairs, to be made supremely happy. From the motley crowd of besieging admirers, one is selected to play the part of the hero, and is forthwith invested with the masculine accomplishments corresponding best with her feminine perfections, and adorned with a high-sounding name and a gorgeous wardrobe to make him more completely worthy the attention of the painted wonder at whose shrine he kneels. At most, a few peccadillos, such as the polite world agrees to pass over as “wild oats,” are allowed to vary his otherwise monotonous perfection. He may gamble away his fortune, and put a pistol to his brainless head, as his only means of getting out of his difficulties; but the pistol must be snatched away at the right moment by a rich uncle from India, whose pockets are full of rupees at the young man’s service. If a still more startling tableau is desirable, the heroine herself strikes the pistol from her lover’s hand, and then falls fainting in his arms, taking care to remain in her swoon till he forgets all about his project of suicide, while the money necessary to relieve him from his financial embarrass-

ments makes its appearance as suddenly as if it dropped from the sky.

Of course, but little variety of incident can arise in the mutual relations of two such persons, unassisted by external influences. So a monstrous villain "enters," by whose wonderful cunning and malicious plotting, misunderstandings, separations, and evils of all descriptions are brought about. He continues, with the help of occasional hot-headedness in the lover and opportune fits of dignity and coyness in the lady, to harass them through the necessary number of chapters. He himself is, of course, consigned to condign punishment when his "mission" is ended, that is, when the public are supposed to be tired of reading. The hero and heroine are permitted to become the dupes of this villain to an extent which would for ever disgrace their reputation for common sense in any actual community. If the tragic is particularly the *forte* of the author, he indulges in killing off his strong-minded villain under all the circumstances of baffled revenge, or with the agonies of a late remorse.

In all this we see that outward agencies produce the results. We have before us the machinery of plots and counter-plots, assaults and accidents, showers of misfortune followed by equally heavy showers of fortune,—all busily and visibly at work to bring about the simple *dénouement* of a marriage. Meanwhile, the hero and heroine, although apparently most concerned in the issue, are least useful in bringing it about. They sit like spectators idly looking at a show, or, at most, they are but the puppets which move at the will of others, smiling when the wires pull one way, weeping when they are drawn the other. Designed as they are to appear perfect at the beginning, no progress, no interior development, is possible. With no faults to expiate, and no necessity for cultivating their already full-blown virtues, they remain, inevitably, types of immovable absurdity. They originate nothing from the depths of their own nature, evolve nothing from the mutual action of mind or sympathy, and are wanted but for one purpose,—to love each other in a blind enough way, through thick and thin. Their characteristics, if they possess any, are the same at the conclusion of the book as at its be-

ginning, and the reader, having finally moored them safely in the wide harbor of matrimony, may lay down the volumes with the pleasant conviction that no after-experience can disturb the placid current of their united lives. The heroine, in order that she may win our sympathy and excite a greater degree of pitying interest, is subjected to a course of misfortunes, and kept upon a regimen of afflictions which would crush any ordinary mortal beyond recovery. She, however, has the gift of endurance and wonderful recuperative faculties, so that, though her cheek grows so pale that we fear the roses will never bloom again upon it, and her form becomes emaciated to such a degree that we are sure her constitution is seriously impaired, at the first moment that the pressure is removed she rebounds like an India-rubber ball to the place she started from. Friends and fortune are taken from this "victim" in the most merciless manner; her virtuous actions are misinterpreted into proofs of shocking calumnies; destitute and bowed down with contumely, she becomes so pitiable an object, that only to those who consider marriage as the *summum bonum* of happy fortune does the compensation which the catastrophe offers seem sufficient to repay her for her sufferings, or to place her in a position to enjoy herself very thoroughly. It was, to be sure, in the management of the misfortunes that the skill of the artist was most decidedly shown over the tyro, and it is wonderful that success so often crowned efforts necessarily so restricted.

The region of the supernatural was also open to the old novelist. When he required some wonderful performance manifestly impossible to human capacity, and consequently beyond the accomplishment of his villain, the author could stalk at once into the nether world and call out some restive ghost who wished for a little excitement, or some wide-awake supple devil ready for any work. This supernatural element tells with great effect upon youthful minds, even in this nineteenth century of ours; though the intercourse which is at present supposed by many to exist between the embodied and the disembodied bids fair to do away with the awe that has so long encircled the ghostly realm with a protecting cloud, and to make even little children regard their buried

ancestors merely as gossiping intermeddlers with this world's trivialities. But in our own young days, tables remained securely on their four legs, so long as their legs lasted, and we remember with perfect distinctness the nervous qualms consequent upon our perusal of "The Three Spaniards" and "The Mysteries of Udolpho," at the mature age of eleven, while "The Five Nights of St. Albans" unsettled us still further, at a slightly subsequent period.

In the novels of Fielding and Smollett, which rank among the old-fashioned, both by date of utterance and style of composition, though still read by all who wish to be well read in English literature, a different type of hero is at once adopted. Whether the change from the impossible perfections and sublimated refinements of the Lord Frederic Augustus Fitz-Mortimers, to the coarse and vulgar mental and physical qualities of Tom Jones and Peregrine Pickle, is really an improvement, must be decided by the taste of the reader. In human elements, in actual naturalness and vitality, they stand far above the pasteboard excellence they replace. In a certain kind of manliness which clings to them throughout, they win our interest, even while they excite our disgust. The product of a sensual age, they exaggerated the tone and painted in stronger colors the worst weaknesses of the social life they were intended to represent. As works of art, however, the novels of this class occupy, without doubt, a higher position than those which they succeed. Something resembling conversation begins to show itself, brilliant though coarse humor lights up the page, and, what still more insures present interest and future attention for a work of fiction, actual specimens of character appear,—varieties of the human being, lifelike, well defined, and skilfully diversified. Much greater advance is made in the delineation of men than of women. The women have still only two modes of action,—one to fascinate through the senses, the other to suffer through the affections. The power and beauty of woman's spiritual influence seem to have been little understood by the authors of the old romances. Possibly in their own lives they felt this influence, but without analyzing it or understanding its worth and force in the machinery of fiction. Not one among them

could shadow it forth with the delicate yet powerful touches of a Dickens, a Thackeray, or a Currer Bell.

The historical novel has always kept strong hold upon the taste of the public. It seems a pleasant way of cheating one's self into the notion that one is reading "for improvement," and acquiring useful information, if a thin sprinkling of fact is sifted over a mass of fictitious matter; though, in the hands of the unscrupulous, subjects, themselves matters of history, are so tortured and disarranged, as sadly to disturb the previous historical acquisitions of amateur readers. Scott, of course, stands first among historical romance-writers, and has seldom departed from the truth in any particulars wherein accuracy is of great importance. He has adorned and softened, or strengthened and deepened, the known characteristics of the age or of the individual, made the bald pages of early chronicles warm and vivid with vitality, and clothed our vague and shadowy impressions of the persons and things of bygone years with flesh and blood. In his hands we are comparatively safe; yet still, any degree of tampering with the historic element is dangerous. To the young and enthusiastic it is often absolutely injurious, by leading them far away from the real facts and merits of the case, and gaining their belief by first enlisting their sympathy. The cold facts of history, afterwards ascertained, fail to eradicate the glowing impression made by a favorite author. Scott may create sympathies which Hume and Smollett shall never be able to destroy. At all times a little fogginess will be the result of the historical novel. It is probable that many others, like ourselves, have received a more vivid image of Mary, Queen of Scots, from "The Abbot," than from any history of her time; and that the mention of her name calls up in their imagination the beautiful and sarcastic woman at Lochleven Castle, more readily than any veritable appearance of hers as queen of her Scottish subjects. The fiction that pleases us best is that in which the characters are nobody and nowhere out of the book,—types of a general humanity, which we recognize as men and women from their fidelity to nature,—which appeal to our sympathies and enlist our approbation by their intrinsic excellence and interior beauty, unassisted by the halo of a

great name, undisturbed by doubts derived from previous knowledge.

It is in this absolute creation of character that our modern novelists so far exceed all that their predecessors were able to accomplish. In variety of individuality, in successful delineation of the action of one character upon another, or of internal will upon external circumstance, or the struggle of earnest natures against adverse influences,—in these, the themes of the modern novel, Nature herself is almost rivalled. And here, again, comes up the contrast with the old romance. It is now *the struggle itself* which interests, the development of character which commands attention, as it does in the real life about us. It is not the mere fact that the hero and heroine are in love, that makes us wish them success; it is the effect of that love upon the inner nature, that makes us hope or tremble for the result. It is the growth and beauty of the sentiment that we study; not the simple, yet universal fact of its existence. Heroes and heroines are not now born into the full blossom of perfection, nor does their discipline come only from the stereotyped misfortunes of loss of gold and plottings of enemies. The sorrows and sufferings endured are intended not merely to delay the happy moment, but to develop strength and excellence, and to discipline impetuous carelessness into earnest endeavor. They arise from the internal organism of those who suffer, as often as from a pressure of outward difficulty; and even when they originate in the external, they strike home to the inner heart, and become something more than mere incidents,—else we are dissatisfied with the conception of the author.

The high requirements which criticism has lately made, have placed the novel on an elevated grade, not only as a composition, but as an assistant in mental and moral culture. He who does not read the good novels of the present day is not only but half acquainted with the tone which literary labor has assumed,—he loses one very important source of improvement for his own intellectual and spiritual nature. We owe much to those who have opened this new avenue for the transmission of healthy social influences, and a more and more general appreciation of their efforts will reward their continuance.

Most of the great novels of the present age are written to set forth some leading idea in the author's mind, to call the attention of the public to some great evil or to some great want, or to encourage the struggles of some class of human beings by showing them that their feelings are understood and sympathized with. Because the moral of a book is not written out in a few pithy words on the last page, it does not follow that the book has no moral. No faithful transcript of human life and human passion can be clearly and powerfully exhibited, without, of necessity, containing a deep and searching moral, all the more forcible to the thinking man because it is subtle and beneath the surface. Is not Thackeray's "Vanity Fair" a sermon of the most stringent application? Its author holds a mirror to our hearts, which reveals to each of us many a spring of action that we blush for, many a littleness and weakness, with much of worldliness and vanity, which we have never before been forced fairly to acknowledge, even to ourselves. We lay down the book, confessing, in spite of ourselves, that it is a faithful likeness of a large part of our human nature, and this confession is followed by a pang that is not always useless. The study of human nature in all its manifestations is of benefit to him who thinks deeply, furnishing in itself a spur to the attainment of those qualities which command admiration and respect, and to the dropping of those which call forth contempt and condemnation. Much self-knowledge may be attained, much healthful humility promoted, by having, as it were, the picture of our own hearts set forth before our astonished eyes, touched by the hand of a skilful and fearless master.

To persons who read books as they ought to be read, who abandon themselves entirely to the study of what is before them, who enter, *con amore*, into the story, and become themselves actors and participators therein, a good novel is more like an episode in their own lives, than a tale which serves to while away a few hours of leisure. Friendships are made in the world of fiction, as real and as true as many a visible connection in the world of fact. Who, that thus reads *Villette* and *Jane Eyre*, does not recognize Lucy Snow and little Jane as living and suffering intellectual organisms? Who

sees not the heart of fire beneath the quiet daily aspect, and longs not that they should know how earnestly their progress has been watched? Who does not feel better acquainted with Becky Sharp and Major Pendennis than with his next-door neighbor, whom, perchance, he meets every day in the street? Does not a smile of recognition pass from face to face at mention of Aunt Betsy Trotwood? Have we not all heard her call "Little Blossom," and seen her drive the donkeys from her garden? Characters which call forth our sympathy, in books, exercise, in some degree, the same magnetic influence upon us that they do when we meet them in real life. These impressions are more or less deep and prolonged, as the sympathy established is more or less complete. Some never wholly die away, but take their places in the halls of memory, as old friends who have, merely for a time, passed out from our sphere of action.

The novel of the present day has a noble mission to perform,—one which should not be lightly undertaken. It has become the most popular of all instruments for producing great effects in the literary world, and for the successful employment of great talents. It is becoming a happy medium for the spreading of truths, which, clothed in this guise, shall win a patient hearing among many that would have turned impatiently or scornfully away, had they met these same truths in a less attractive form. Politics, metaphysics, theology, have all found utterance through the novel. It has ceased to be the plaything of an idle hour, and we look to it for greater depth of thought, a higher range of ideas, closer fidelity to abstract truth, and a more manly grappling with error and falsehood, than ordinary minds are capable of supplying. Therefore let ordinary minds cease to flood the world with idle tales and powerless absurdities, arrogating to themselves a title made honorable by the genius of others. Let ordinary minds, we say, fall back and leave the field to stouter soldiers, who shall do more valiant battle for the cause. We have had patience long enough with vapid story-tellers and self-styled novelists. Let them fill the pages of ephemeral magazines or the columns of country newspapers, if they must write at all, and rest content with the fame consequent upon such efforts.

But let the novel be the lofty and enthusiastic utterance of noble minds, the earnest protest of true hearts, the brilliant offspring of intellect and imagination, and we shall have high thoughts arrayed in fitting garb, truth poured forth in "words that burn," and elevating influences at work in fields often closed to all other effort. Many who, from force of habit, rush to a novel for mere amusement, shall be awakened, as from a lethargy, by the stirring truths which lie in wait among the pages. Many a literary voluptuary shall be recalled to strength and action by the very work in which he sought only the gratification of a fastidious taste; sure of beauty and of elegance, because of the promise in its author's name. All of us shall read these books with deep and true enjoyment and real profit, shall place them among our best-loved authors, to return to them again and again with ever new delight. All honor to those who bear within themselves the magic power. May the immortality which is their due be their reward.

- ART. IV.—1. *Post-Biblical History of the Jews.* By MORRIS J. RAPHAEL, M. A., P. D. In two volumes. Philadelphia: Moss and Brother. 1855. 12mo. pp. 405, 486.
2. *The Development of the Religious Idea in Judaism, Christianity, and Mohammedanism, considered in Twelve Lectures on the History and Purport of Judaism, delivered in Magdeburg, 1847.* By DR. LUDWIG PHILIPPSOHN. Translated from the German, with Notes, by ANNA MARIA GOLDSMID. London: Longman, Brown, Green, and Longmans. 1855. 8vo. pp. 280.
3. **מקרא תורה נבאים וכתובים** *Die Israelitische Bibel, enthaltend den Heiligen Urtext, die Deutsche Uebertragung, die Allgemeine, ausführliche Erläuterung, mit mehr als 500 englischen Holzschnitten.* Herausgegeben von D. LUDWIG PHILIPPSOHN. Leipzig. 1844–1856. 4 Bände. 8vo.
4. *Jeschurun. Ein Monatsblatt zur Förderung jüdischen Geister, und jüdischen Lebens.* Herausgegeben von SAMSON RAPHAEL HIRSCH.